



From left: Spy Mario Martinelli, Mr. Spingarn, spy Carla Costa, U. S. Army nurse and an Italian *carabiniere*. Martinelli was executed and eighteen-year-old Signorina Costa was given a twenty-year sentence. She was one of the hardest to crack.

# How We Caught Spies in World War II

By STEPHEN J. SPINGARN with MILTON LEHMANN

"I shall never forget Carla Costa . . . even today I think of new ways to make her confess." The story of the eighteen-year-old ice skater who was the slickest of all German operatives in Italy.

## CONCLUSION

**A**LMOST everybody likes to know secrets, even if the reward for seeking them is sometimes death. There's a little of the daydreaming Walter Mitty in all of us—Walter Mitty, the spy, snapping the blindfold from his eyes, taking a last puff of his cigarette and facing the firing squad unafraid. But after three years overseas with the American Counter Intelligence Corps, I no longer wish to be a spy. I will be happy spending the rest of my life without knowing anybody's secrets.

As chief of the spy catchers for the 5th Army in Italy, I saw more spies than Walter Mitty dreamed of. For seven months, beginning in October, 1944, the German Intelligence Service trained more than 300 Italian agents and dispatched them against the Allied lines. Of these, better than 90 per cent were captured. The American CIC caught almost all of them.

At this point in the war, the Allies were stalled in Northern Italy, waiting for spring and the offensive that would carry us through the Po Valley to the end of the war. North of us, the Germans were making their last desperate effort to hold Italy. Their ground troops were battle-weary and their once-pride Luftwaffe was powerless. Earlier, the Luftwaffe supplied the Wehrmacht with air-reconnaissance reports on the Allied comings and goings. Now, with its planes shot out of the skies, the enemy turned to mass espionage to discover our plans.

The German *Abwehr*, responsible for espionage, chose deliberately to send its agents against the American Counter Intelligence Corps. In North Africa, the *Abwehr* considered CIC an outfit of blundering amateurs, likely to suspect an innocent waitress of spying while failing to recognize Mata Hari. At first, in Italy, our British and French colleagues, steeped in the Continental tradition of sus-

picion, also looked down on us. But while the clean-cut American boy is no natural spy catcher, he does have a capacity to learn by mistakes. And we had made plenty of mistakes. Now the Germans made one they never got over. They thought us a soft touch and sent their best agents against us.

When Bologna fell, we caught one of their spy masters, whose name, if memory serves, was Lieutenant Trink. Trink, commanding *Abwehr Truppe 153*, was amazed at the tendency of CIC to capture his agents. Through these agents, we pieced together the story of his brave effort in that winter of espionage.

In a candlelit room at midnight, the lieutenant gathered his spy recruits. Both men and women were blindfolded, stripped, bathed, and robed in chaste white togas. Officially cleansed, they were led to an automobile, which circled the block. They were brought back to the room they'd just left. The blindfolds were whipped from their eyes and they looked out on a scene of magnificent horror.

The room was draped in ebony silk, with a blood-red ceiling. In the flickering candlelight, masked men stood around a table. On the table were a leering skull and a leather-bound Bible. While mournful music played in the background, the recruits waited tensely under a searchlight. In the shadows was Lieutenant Trink, his face muffled in black, wearing the insignia of a Wehrmacht colonel.

In a somber voice, the lieutenant demanded a blood ritual. Usually, a hypodermic injection was used, Trink warning the initiates that unless they returned for a counterinjection, they would surely die. The serum was water—except once when the recruit was so frightened that adrenalin was administered. Thus indoctrinated, the wavering spies strode jauntily through the front lines to capture.

Trink was a great one for locker-room fight talks. Gathering his spies about him, he told them glowing

stories about the success of their fellow agents in Allied territory, how the activities of *Abwehr Truppe 153* were coming to the attention of the German high command. Der Führer, he said, had himself inquired about the exploits of this amazing little *Abwehr Truppe* down on the Italian front. Citations and promotions would be forthcoming shortly.

At the end of February, 1945, however, Trink's foot slipped. He got drunk, extremely drunk. To make matters worse, he got drunk in the presence of one of his subordinates, whom we later captured. In the dark reaches of his night of shame, Lieutenant Trink broke down, covered his face with his hands and wept. Between sobs, he cried that his life had been a thing of sham and mockery, that the true exploits of *Abwehr Truppe 153* were slightly different from what he had previously outlined.

"Yah," he said, "for six months we have been here on this miserable Italian front, sending agents across the lines against those accursed Americans. Dozens of agents I have sent and not one *schweinhund* has ever come back!" Then he broke into sobs afresh.

For CIC, now an overworked and spy-conscious outfit, the rush of Italian agents was exhausting. In Northern Italy, the *Abwehr* opened a dozen spy schools, recruiting poor peasants, black-market operators, Fascists and former officers of the Italian air force and navy. Their recruits ranged from a twelve-year-old boy to middle-aged men and women. There was even a half-wit, an innocent soul who agreed to cross the lines for two dollars in Italian lire.

Seeking quantity, rather than quality, the *Abwehr* gave recruits a three-week cram course in espionage and sabotage, then trucked them to areas facing the American lines and rushed them over. Other spies were stay-behind agents, assigned to a German-held town and told to wait there until the 5th Army rolled past. Some arrived by

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## HOW WE CAUGHT SPIES IN WORLD WAR II

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parachute. Once we caught the entire graduating class of *Abwehr Kommando 211* and dropped the class photograph by plane over new recruits with the warning: "Italians, Beware! You Can't Escape the Allied Intelligence."

The parachute spies were usually radio teams, the cream of the enemy's intelligence. They were well drilled for their missions and then, without much

forethought, the Germans entrusted them to flak-weary pilots who dropped them in haste over the Allied lines. Their spy masters lured them aboard the planes with a tale that this was merely a dry run, a rehearsal for the actual jump. When the plane came over the drop zone, however, the Germans suddenly pushed the Italians out the door. In the scuffle, the jump was delayed and the spies usually landed miles from their targets.

After this happened a few times, the German spy masters got a new idea—one of the more horrible ones of the war. They brought two radio teams

together. They ordered the four men to climb into a large wooden box. They strapped an agent in each corner of the box, with a parachute rigged above him. The box was then attached to the wing of the German plane. The plane took off, and over the drop zone the box was released and the parachutes opened. Now there was no danger of scattering spies, but the box came down from the skies with a crash, and the casualty rate was awesome. Downcast, most of the Italians who survived turned up at the nearest CIC detachment and reported, "Here I am! I used to be a spy!"

With 300 enemy agents, however reluctant, wandering over Allied territory, anything could happen. The miracle was that it didn't. The victors in war are also the victors in counterespionage, and we won both battles. But unlike victory in warfare, which is measured by taken ground, captured cities and surrendered armies, victory in counterespionage is measured by the occurrence of nothing. Except for the *Abwehr's* discovery of the plans for Salerno, no major Allied plan was discovered through enemy espionage.

Whole companies of saboteurs were sent behind Allied lines, but I recall no single proved act of sabotage in Italy that succeeded. Into Leghorn harbor young, tough and daring Italians swam, carrying demolition bombs in their arms, wearing fantastic rubber suits and rubber fins attached to their legs. No ships were blown up. We caught these agents with our coastal network of machine-gun posts and counterspies. If any escaped, they apparently gave up their missions.

What might have happened, though, still makes me gasp. We uncovered a score of sabotage kits, buried by the Germans as they retreated up the peninsula. They came complete with all sorts of fiendish devices. There were booby traps and plastic explosives, which could be molded to represent coffeepots or C rations. There were exploding pens and pencils, which might have meant disaster in an Allied headquarters. There were simulated cans of American soup, loaded with TNT, and barometric bombs, designed to explode airplanes at certain altitudes.

In October, 1944, we captured the first of the saboteurs, two young, frightened Italians named Aristide Fabbri and Adolfo Magistrelli. Special Agent Gordon Mason, a former Ohio newspaper reporter and a stubborn interrogator, broke the case. Mason sat at his Army field desk in CIC headquarters when the suspects were brought in. He kept them at attention while he examined their identity cards, signed by a small-town Italian mayor. After a five-minute silence, in which Mason drummed his fingers on the desk and the spies' knees shook, he addressed them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have made a grave mistake. It is an error one should avoid in forging documents. The mayor's name, Giovanni Crotti, must be signed either with one *t* or with two. It cannot be written both ways."

Fabbri and Magistrelli confessed.

With all things possible, CIC was always on the alert. There were reports that saboteurs had cut the Allied communication wires. When Furniss or Weber or Warren went out to investigate, he found that a simple farmer had seen the wire and decided it would be excellent for tying his haystacks. "But the brave Americans have so much of this wire," the farmer would protest, waving his arms, "and we poor Italians have so little!"

After such cases, my men sometimes became cynical. To teach them the importance of an open mind, I personally took charge of the case of the walking pigeon. This pigeon appeared one frosty morning, walking down the highway toward the front, where he was seized by an Italian *carabinière*. The Italian examined him closely and discovered, to his amazement, a metal leg band with a message in German. He promptly rushed the bird to my headquarters. "Signor Colonnello," he announced, "this walking bird is a spy!" My men laughed tolerantly.

# MY FIFTY YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By

IRA R. T. SMITH  
with JOE ALEX MORRIS

For half a century Ira R. T. Smith opened the letters that millions of Americans—perhaps including yourself—addressed to the President of the United States. From his privileged ringside seat in the White House, where he handled the mail for every Chief Executive from McKinley to Truman, he saw nine Presidents and their families at work and at play, and he formed his own opinions about all of them. Now retired, Mr. Smith has written a series of eight articles for the Post, a highly entertaining series in which he reveals many such secrets as how he discovered the plot to assassinate Harry Truman, what he did with Nan Britton's threatening letters to Warren G. Harding, why there was a recording machine concealed under FDR's office floor. These intimate, delightfully readable memoirs begin in . . .



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"Hold on there," I declared. "A good counteragent is always suspicious. Let me have that pigeon."

The message in German was addressed to a Wehrmacht captain in the town of San Martino. I got out my field map and pointed out San Martino, deep in Allied territory.

"You, Furniss, and you, Weber!" I ordered. "Take off at once for San Martino and don't come back without that captain!"

It was quite a while before we discovered there were a number of San Martinos in Italy, several of them behind the German lines, and deduced that our pigeon had actually been dispatched from one German outfit to another. Our bird was not a spy pigeon but a liaison pigeon, apparently blown off its course. He had landed in Allied territory and decided to walk back. But it was conceivable that the Germans were using pigeons for espionage, and I ordered a full but unrewarding study of carrier-pigeon coops in Italy.

In the midst of the spy flood I sent urgent messages to headquarters asking for more help, but our biggest ally that winter was the Italian spy himself, who felt crushed between his German commanders and the thought of execution by the Allies. Now there were two German spy agencies — the *Sicherheitsdienst* as well as the *Abwehr*. The SD, under Heinrich Himmler, moved into the spy business shortly before Admiral Canaris, the *Abwehr* chief, tried to assassinate Adolf Hitler. Later, the SD took over completely. Even so, there was no marked improvement in German espionage.

Once detected, the enemy's agents were usually ready to talk. And when they talked, they told enough to prepare us for their colleagues' arrival. From all this talking we discovered that agents followed certain pattern. Thanks to German discipline and stupidity, we could often pick out a single spy in a stockade crowded by Italian refugees.

Before the agents went out, the German spy masters carefully taught them their "cover" stories, designed to explain why the agent had come into Allied territory. We studied these cover stories closely. Following orders, a dozen agents would say, "My house in Padova (or Milano, or San Pietro) has been bombed."

"The Germans," another dozen would offer, "are drafting everybody my age for the army."

"I have come south for love, to see my girl friend in Napoli," another group would report. These stories were rehearsed and often repeated in the same words, assuring our interrogators of the presence of a spy.

A spy's clothes and the contents of his pockets were revealing. The Germans took good care of their agents. In impoverished Italy, where most of the natives were threadbare, the enemy's agents were always warmly dressed. Their suits were often cut from the same cloth, and the German SD quartermaster in Verona efficiently issued his agents the same boots, recognizable at 200 yards. Some were even given identical shaving kits, cigarette lighters and German field rations. I trust that this scheme of supply simplified the enemy's bookkeeping as much as it did ours.

Of all my agents, Rex Roth, the former insurance adjuster, became our master interrogator. Lean, saturnine and intent, he served brilliantly for CIC at RIP — the Refugee Interrogation Post. RIP was the final clearing point for all Italians found wandering through

the battle zone. Roth, who grilled them, probably met more spies and got more confessions than any other counteragent in history.

His first suspect was Giorgio dell' Argine, a twenty-year-old medical student from Genoa. Giorgio gave him the "Germans-are-drafting-everybody" story and said he had worked his way south to escape. Roth asked about his trip. What was his route? At what towns did he stop? Where did he stay the fourth night out? What does the road to Bologna look like? Roth, who had studied Italian guidebooks for two hours in advance, knew the answers. Giorgio did not. He confessed.

Another suspect, Ugo Parra, a poor peasant, told how he had been employed by the *Abwehr* at the point of a gun, but he had already confessed a hundred times on his way through the Allied lines. He was first reported by an Italian farmer's wife, who saw him walking down the road under a mild artillery barrage, crying aloud, "I am a spy! I will be killed! I am a spy!"

The *Abwehr*'s best spies, however, were neither reluctant nor scared. Although CIC eventually broke down almost every spy it caught, there were a few who were almost unbreakable. I

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
A man should get out of debt  
before he marries; otherwise he  
may never know how it feels.

—KENNETH L. KRICHBAUM.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

shall never forget Carla Costa. She was the most contrary spy I ever met, and even today I think of new ways to make her confess. She was eighteen years old. She was squat, chubby and rather muscular, having once been a professional ice skater. Though not ugly, she was no beauty — but neither was any good lady spy I ever saw.

The case of Carla Costa began in October, 1944, with the capture of a young Italian named Mario Martinelli. Martinelli was interrogated by Special Agent John Richardson, a sociologist from Southern California, and told a typically improbable story. He said he was living with a countess in Florence and was going south to buy vegetables. The countess was called on and she gave an equally absorbing but radically different account. Thereupon Martinelli confessed that he was in truth a German agent, working for a German air-force espionage unit, *Abwehr Kommando 190*.

"I am rather poor at this work," he said modestly. "My comrade, however, would have much to teach you. She is only a girl, but she has been kissed on the forehead by Mussolini himself and she wears the German Iron Cross, Second Class, for distinction."

Martinelli confessed at great length. Like many a spy, once he started talking, nobody could stop him. Gordon Messing, our bespectacled linguist, asked him to prepare a brief statement and stood by to translate. While Messing peered over his shoulder, pleading with him to keep it short, Martinelli went on writing for two days and two nights, finally producing sixty-three pages for an exhausted Messing to translate. In the end, it was enough to send Martinelli before a firing squad.

Meanwhile, we were searching for Carla Costa. Martinelli told us she had crossed the lines with him a few days

before. She was on her way to Rome to gather top-level political intelligence. She planned to meet Martinelli at the home of the countess in Florence, and they would go back through the lines together. From the countess we learned that Carla Costa had already started back, carrying a mesh handbag containing a handkerchief with a message in invisible ink, and wearing blue tennis shoes.

With this description, I ordered a dragnet search. Gordon Mason discovered her, blue tennis shoes and all, riding on the handle bars of a bicycle propelled by an obliging Italian youth. "Buon giorno, Carla," said Mason. "We've been looking for you."

The young lady was completely dead pan. She denied that her name was Carla Costa. She was a refugee, she said, and was innocently riding to San Marcello Pistoiese to be with her father and mother, who were very ill. When Mason brought her back to headquarters, I led her to the door of the room where Martinelli was waiting.

"There's a friend of yours here," I said, watching her closely as I swung open the door. There wasn't the slightest flash of recognition.

Carla wouldn't talk. For five days and nights I threw my best interrogators at her. She refused to comment, except to say we were proving what il Duce always declared, that Americans take out their rage on young, helpless girls. On the second day, however, she made one small admission which eventually unseated her. The Americans were not the only fools, she said. There were also fools in her own country. Even her own parents, who lived in Rome, had failed to see the light of Fascism. With this small nugget of information, I requested Special Agent Frank Looney, of the Air Force CIC in Rome, to visit Carla's parents.

We all tried grilling her. Gordon Messing, the linguist, tried. John Richardson, the sociologist, tried. So did Gordon Mason and Gerry Weber and Julius Sagi, and all failed equally.

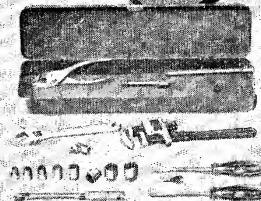
Maj. Cesare Faccio, the chief of my Italian counterintelligence section, bragged that he had never failed to crack a suspect. "Hokay," said Faccio, amused at our feeble effort, "I will break the Costa girl!" He grilled her for six hours, and came out breathing heavily. "She's weakening," he said. "I shall come back tomorrow." He didn't come back.

One evening I came in with a bottle of excellent cognac and passed it around the room in the hope that it might loosen Carla's tongue. Everybody drank but Carla. Next, I attempted some amateur psychoanalysis. It was clear that Carla saw herself as a great Italian heroine. I had a news release prepared and took it to her. "Look, Carla," I said. "You think you're a heroine. But what will the Italians think? Just what I tell them through their newspapers; and what I'll tell them is that Carla Costa, the notorious prostitute of the Germans, has confessed to the CIC and implicated many of her comrades."

Carla was upset, but not enough to start talking.

I restricted her diet to a cup of coffee for breakfast and a piece of toast for lunch. Carla lost some weight, but she laughed at me. My last attempt, for which her defense counsel later painted me as a sadistic beast, was to enter her room with a heaping plate of spaghetti and eat it noisily while I grilled her. Carla watched me with ravenous hunger, but she didn't break.

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At this moment, the report from Agent Looney arrived from Rome. It was a magnificent document, containing the report from Carla's parents and the confession of another woman spy, a friend of Carla's. I brought Looney's report to Carla Costa and began reading. I read how she had been trained and briefed for her missions, how she had completed two missions successfully and was now on her third, how her mother had locked her up in the bathroom while in Rome on her second mission, how she had escaped and hitchhiked back to the German lines, getting a lift from an unsuspecting member of the military police.

Laying down the report, I observed to the intent young lady that she was obviously unimportant now. "Tomorrow," I said, making the words sound sinister, "I shall turn you over for further processing." Thereupon, the toughest spy I ever met broke down. She confessed, giving a fine detailed story of German intelligence at its highest levels. As a result of her information, we later caught several other agents.

At her trial, Carla Costa's defense attorney argued long and eloquently. An elderly British captain, he maintained that Carla was a child of Fascism—she had never known any other way of life. He implied that CIC had grossly mistreated her, and he ended up with so spirited a defense that the court decided, perhaps confusing her with a juvenile delinquent, that her life should be spared. She was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Her less successful teammate was sentenced to death.

Through the first months of 1945, the Germans continued to send us squads and companies of agents. By now, through their colleagues' confessions, we were able to greet agents by name, unit and mission soon after they crossed the lines. Rex Roth was sorting spies from the innocent as quickly as a shepherd detects a wolf in his flock of sheep. When we finally pushed into the Po Valley in the last spring offensive, the spies were as ready to give up as the Wehrmacht.

At the end of the war in Italy, the 5th Army CIC had captured more than 500 enemy agents. Of these, fewer than fifty were executed. By Anglo-Saxon law, our courts ruled that a spy did not merely have to confess his mission. To call down the death penalty, we also had to prove he intended to carry it out. CIC caught many of its victims before they had a chance to carry out their missions, thereby guaranteeing them life.

Behind the German lines, the *Abwehr* had preached to its recruits that the Allies were soft, and disinclined to shoot captured agents. One of their spy masters, the infamous chief of *Abwehr Kommando 190*, who called himself "Doctor Kora," liked to tell his men that theirs was the safest job on earth. "Don't you worry," he would say, whenever they heard reports that their colleagues were actually shot by the Allies. "This is just American

propaganda. The stupid Americans can't hurt you."

In May, 1945, when the war was over, Special Agent Rex Roth found Doctor Kora in the prisoner compound in Modena, Italy. The spy master, who had trained Carla Costa and Mario Martinelli, was dressed in a paratrooper's shabby uniform. Roth escorted him back to headquarters, and on the way the Germans' ace spy master and the American master interrogator talked espionage. They laughed at Doctor Kora's trick of supplying agents with handkerchiefs inscribed in invisible ink and they laughed at Roth's plan to catch Doctor Kora's agents with a certain mysterious chemical.

Roth had heard of this chemical back in Chicago, where it was highly advertised as a means of trapping spies. First you managed to get the chemical on the spy's hands. When you caught him, you made him wash in a second chemical, which turned his hands blue. The Chicago instructors had never said how this was to be accomplished, but just before the war ended, Roth discovered a way. He treated bars of soap with the first chemical and had double agent ready to distribute them in Doctor Kora's washrooms.

"What a remarkable idea!" Doctor Kora exclaimed. "But you Americans take so long to learn."

In North Africa, we were young, earnest Americans who saw the world divided into heroes and villains. We studied the French and the British spy catchers and were shocked at our own ignorance. In Italy, we learned the ways of spies, and eventually we matched the best efforts of the German intelligence and saw it destroyed when we reached Austria and Germany.

But this was war, demanding new responsibilities and giving us greater power than democratic Americans have ever held. We had power to arrest without cause, to search without writ or reason, to imprison indefinitely without trial. With these powers, which we learned to hate, we were, in our way, the first American Gestapo. But when the war was over, like all other Americans, most of us rushed back to our peacetime pursuits, glad to live again under a government of laws and not of men.

Jim Furniss is now working for the Atlanta Constitution as political editor; Ray Arrizabalaga, Jr., the one-time sheriff, is now a hardware dealer in Fallon, Nevada; Julius Sagi and Gerry Weber are practicing law in Chicago, and Erie, Pennsylvania; Alba Warren is teaching English at Princeton University; and I am back at my desk in the Treasury Department. Some of our men are dead. Al Benjamin was killed in North Africa, a few months after the landing, and Anthony Giordano of Brooklyn, and John Rubsam of Manhattan, died at Cassino, in Italy. John Walcott, of Boston, was killed near Caserta, and Tony Panard fell on Anzio beachhead. Paul Halloran and Bob Campbell were blown up by an enemy mine in the last push that ended the

war. Julius Volpe died in Italy shortly after V-E Day.

But a few of our men are still abroad working for the Army's CIC and for the new civilian secret-intelligence service—the Central Intelligence Agency. From them I've heard of America's first peacetime effort to meet the world in the power contest of espionage. In Europe, the Far East and the Near East, they are finding capable undergrounds, which would operate against us in the event of trouble. In many cases, these were the very same undergrounds that helped us win the last war.

Today, our national security demands intelligence of a world in which we are a leading power. Americans can and must be trained in intelligence work. In the military and civilian intelligence services we need men of ability, willing to make a career of espionage and counterespionage. Experience has shown that civilians must head up these services on a long-term basis. First-rate military men are not content with secret intelligence as a career—they want top-flight commands—and second-raters cannot do the job. But topnotch civilians also will not make a career of secret intelligence unless its status is increased and unless they are assured that they will not have to suffer under the bumbling direction of men without either experience or long-term interest in the job.

During the war we were taken in hand by the British when we help. We had to use the British worldwide central counterintelligence files because we had none of our own. We still have no central files comparable to the British. The greatest power in the world today should not rely on any other nation, however friendly. Britain could be overrun by an enemy in a third World War.

By now, we should have learned our lesson. But the reports I've been getting lately from CIC men abroad show that we still haven't learned quite enough and have already forgotten much of what we've learned. One of my friends, now in Austria, wrote to me recently: "The woods here are full of agents from all countries, and you can't always tell for whom they're working. Besides, few of our men except the CIC veterans seem to know much about espionage. The others from back home come over all ready to steal state secrets, but they don't know the difference between a Yugoslav and a Czechoslovak."

In June, 1948, I received a memorandum from the Army's Intelligence Division saying that there was now available to reserve officers an extension course on CIC that was entirely new in character and approach. I applied for the course, hoping to bring myself up to date in the techniques of my old Army trade. A few weeks later I received a bulky, military-looking envelope. Eagerly I opened it. Inside I found an Army manual on military courtesy and drill.

This is where I came in.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Spingarn and Mr. Lehman.

## HALF YOUR BRAIN IS A SPARE

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Then along came Danish-born Johannes Maagaard Nielsen. He began his studies at the University of Illinois, where he supported himself by coaching

foreign students. After graduating from medical school, he interned at the Los Angeles County Hospital, spent six years studying brain function and neurology in America and Europe, and then, in 1930, came back to Los Angeles.

"Since then," one of his colleagues claims, "J. M. has been rushing as if he has a little less than twenty minutes to live."

Nielsen started immediately with a Los Angeles pathologist to make a complete study of brain function. The two men decided to begin with the temporal lobes, the portion of the brain just under the temples. Damage to that portion can cause aphasia.

"Right away," he says, "I realized I didn't know enough about aphasia. I had to read up on it."

# How We Caught Spies in World War II

By STEPHEN J. SPINGARN with MILTON LEIMAN

The inside story of how some of the Germans' best spies were trapped and broken in Italy. And the tale of the Nazi agent who wandered into an OSS mess, liked the food and drink, and remained with the outfit . . . for a while.



Ollie Austin  
"As chief of 5th Army's CIC, I was responsible for securing the Army against the enemy's agents."



Baronesse Annabella von Hodenburg, 17 (shown with her son), was Germany's leading woman spy.



Fabio Paginotto, radio spy, was captured by CIC, acted as double agent, escaped and was recaptured.

## PART TWO

**T**HE Allied intelligence services during World War II were a heady mixture of American, British, French, Brazilian, Polish and Italian secret agents. Of these, the British, who had practiced espionage since the days of Queen Elizabeth, were most expert. Whatever their personal traits—Capt. Jack Horsfall, for example, carried all his files under his cap and always began interrogations by repeating, "I say, old boy," about five or six times—the British intelligence was clever, jaunty and confident.

The French dramatized espionage to the hilt. As commanding officer of the 5th Army's Counter Intelligence Corps, I'll never forget their memorable lunches. Around a groaning table loaded with hors d'oeuvres, roast pheasant and *apéritifs*, the French brass reviewed their agents. Every half hour two of their operatives raced in, helmets and shirts covered with dust. They came to sharp attention, saluted smartly and reported, "All is well at the front, *mon commandant!*!" The French brass applauded and another round of cognac was poured. After these liaison raps, I was always sick the following morning.

Our own American secret intelligence was embodied in two organizations—the Office of Strategic Services and the Counter Intelligence Corps. Both wore green outfits. In Italy the OSS was still learning the business of being spies, and CIC was still hunting for a *bona fide* enemy agent to capture.

As chief of 5th Army's CIC, I was responsible for securing the Army against the enemy's agents, whether they came in by parachute, by boat, walked through the front lines or stayed behind until the Allies rolled past them. To accomplish this, I had an outfit of scholars, lawyers, reporters and deputy sheriffs, few of whom knew any Italian. In Africa, where French is spoken, several of my men could read a native newspaper without moving their lips. Now, in Italy, only the rare CIC operative knew more Italian than "*Buon giorno!*" which means "Good morning!" and is of little use in apprehending spies.

Facing our motley team were the spy masters of the German *Abwehr*, cool, methodical men who, I imagined from the movies, all wore Eric von Stroheim monocles and had dueling scars on their bald heads. At first, we had enormous respect for the *Abwehr*. When we landed on the Salerno beachhead, their agents had already posted the Wehrmacht on our point of arrival and on the precise hour to expect us. Just before the landing, in fact, the Wehrmacht held maneuvers on Salerno beach, using the unfortunate Italians as mock assault troops and giving them a very rough time. For Americans making their first tour of the espionage circuit, it seemed that the *Abwehr* was a brilliant, unbeatable foe. Much later, we discovered that the *Abwehr* was not foolproof. As its chief, the Germans appointed Admiral Canaris, who turned out to be so unfriendly to Hitler that he joined in a plot to assassinate him.

The Italians served both the Allied and the German intelligence. They were the only people in Italy who could pass as natives and their personality was disastrously split. In German-occupied territory, they were disposed to work for the Germans as spies. On our side, they served as Allied spies and spy catchers. One of them, Maj. Cesare Faccio, was one of my most valued allies during the Italian campaign.

Major Faccio had served with the Servizi Militare Informazione, which was once the Fascist army's intelligence corps. A professional, he didn't care what side he worked on and he knew how to detect spies. Once, before our landing, he captured a British agent in Sardinia who made the simple error of smoking a British cigarette in a blackout. Familiar with the redolent Italian tobacco, Faccio immediately detected a pleasant foreign aroma. He followed his nose to the burning cigarette tip and seized the British agent.

Through Faccio, the CIC eventually assembled a corps of seventy-five Italian counter-intelligence agents. They were cheerful, pleased with the Americans who made life easy for them. Whenever they stopped, they collected enormous quantities of equipment—sofas, chairs, cushions, pianos and aging automobiles. It always took a convoy of Quartermaster trucks to move them.

Naples fell to the Americans in October, 1943. Soon after our arrival, we were reminded again that CIC needed better intelligence about the enemy.



SIGNAL CORPS

Intelligence men grilling Mario Trefirio (center). A saboteur, he was to help blow up headquarters of Field Marshal Alexander and General Mark Clark.

when a German delayed-action bomb blew up in the local post office, killing scores of civilians and soldiers. We needed good informants fast. Many Italians volunteered, assuring us that they had never been sympathetic to Mussolini. Even today, I can recall only one Italian who admitted frankly that she was a Fascist. She was the toughest spy I ever tried to break and she was only eighteen years old. Her elders, however, were frantically leaping over to the Allied side as we advanced up the peninsula.

Our main effort in Naples was to see that German sympathizers were kept safely away from the military establishments. Some of them quickly ingratiated themselves with the Allied Military Government and hung on like leeches. One of these was a suave young man named Renato, who made the quickest political change-over I've ever observed. While the Germans were in Naples, Renato served them as fingerman, pointing out anti-Fascists to the Gestapo. When the German commanders were required to leave, Renato escorted them to the northern exit of Naples and waved a cheerful "Auf Wiedersehen." Then he swung his car around to meet our advancing columns and make friends with the Allies. What troubled CIC was that Renato suddenly turned up as chief adviser to the Allied Military Government. "But he's such an obliging young man!" the military governor protested, after we informed him.

Just before Christmas, 1943, the most useful spy of the Italian campaign was dropped in CIC's lap and promptly spirited away by the British. The

British called him Alpha-Primo—Alpha because he was the first radio spy the Germans sent against us, and Primo because he was the first the Allies doubled back on the Germans. Alpha-Primo with two confederates arrived in Allied territory one cold night in a small fishing boat, along with refugees from German-occupied Italy. Dispatched by the *Abwehr* as a radio operator, he had come to collect intelligence on the Allied force and send it back. When the small craft docked, our shore patrols called for CIC. Under a casual interrogation, Alpha-Primo had a sudden change of heart. He admitted readily that he was a German agent.

All winter long, Alpha-Primo sent messages to the Germans carefully prepared by top-level Allied commanders. He described new divisions brought into Italy, gave details about Allied airfields and the strength and types of aircraft. Under British direction and with approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he built up his deception layer by layer. Before the spring offensive in May, 1944, the *Abwehr* had full confidence in him and praised his good work.

Then, before the all-out drive on Rome, Alpha-Primo threw his double hook. In the greatest secrecy, strong elements of the British 8th Army had withdrawn at night from the eastern sector of Italy and massed close to the 5th Army on the western coast. At this moment, he advised the *Abwehr* that the 8th Army was still on the east coast and preparing to attack. The Germans thereupon placed their own reserves to counter the British, while the Allied plunge cut through the weakened Wehrmacht de-

fenses like a dagger. Later, Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander said that Alpha-Primo had been worth a whole division in the spring offensive.

Thus, the first respectable spy caught abroad by the Americans in this war went to the British Special Counter Intelligence Branch, which made spectacular use of him. Unlike OSS, the American counterpart of SCI, the British since the war have said practically nothing about their work. The OSS, however, has lately been praising itself in movies, magazines and newspapers. By these reports, OSS would seem to have won the war singlehandedly, with some slight assistance from the Air Force. From where I sit, these reports still sound like unparalleled malarkey.

Soon after the capture of Naples, OSS took over a lush villa, complete with swimming pools and sunken gardens. There OSS set up its headquarters and brought on its agents. Sinister characters with dirks and revolvers jammed in their belts swarmed over the villa. Although most of them wore American uniforms, very few spoke English. In the evening, the villa resounded with a polyglot of tongues and from its dining room came the tasty smells of international cooking and the bubbling of wines.

One day a young German soldier named Hans came walking down the Via Roma in civilian clothes. One of the parachutists dropped on the Salerno beachhead by the Germans, his mission had been to blow up bridges. After his chores were done, Hans remembered a girl friend in Naples. He went there, changed his uniform *(Continued on Page 165)*

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## HOW WE CAUGHT SPIES IN WORLD WAR II

(Continued from Page 13)

for civilian clothes and spent the golden September days and nights in dalliance with his lady. He was in Naples when the Americans captured the city.

Strolling by the OSS villa, Hans was entranced by the wonderful odors. He followed them into the piazza and there joined the mess line of America's best spies. Hans sat down with them and he decided, naturally, that this was a splendid setup. He stayed on for a week, gorging himself with OSS food. Finally, an alert OSS officer discovered that Hans' Italian was unusually poor and he was turned over, badly battered, to CIC for questioning.

Meanwhile, a well-known American wrestling champion was engaged in various mysterious activities for OSS. His methods were hearteningly straightforward. On one occasion, according to reports current in intelligence circles at the time, he encountered a group of Italian youngsters in the streets of Naples. "Hey, kids," said the champ in his best Neapolitan, "come here!" Eagerly, they surrounded the massive and impressive stranger. "How'd you like to be spies, kids?" he asked them. "You know, go through the enemy lines and all that stuff, good pay and plenty of good food?" No one dissented. "Follow me!" said the champ.

He led his little band to the villa, where they fell upon the foodstuffs with enthusiasm. It was a week before OSS could get rid of them.

Like CIC, OSS had much to learn. With a cloak-and-dagger approach to life, they declined to share their hard-won secrets with CIC and at times the two outfits were at remarkably crossed purposes. Occasionally, OSS would attempt to train its spies against CIC's counterespionage network. Their agents always looked suspicious, and CIC

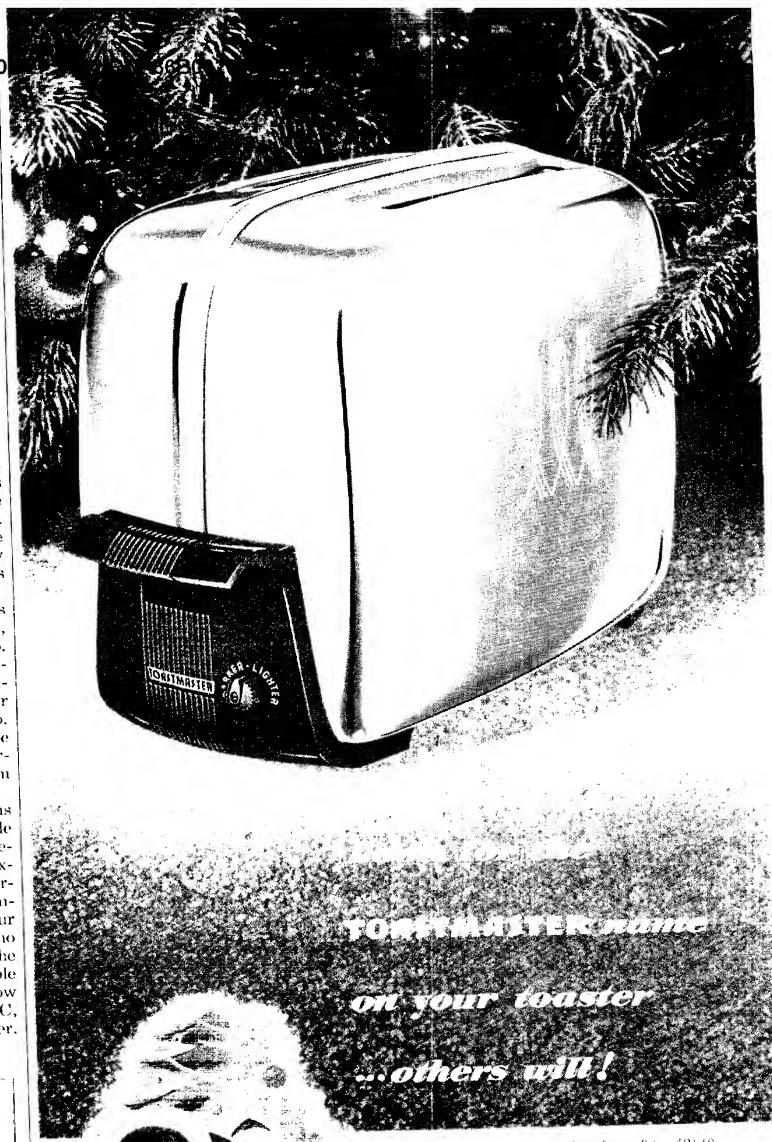
would pick them up and grill them for hours, convinced they were *Abwehr* spies. OSS had trained them carefully. "Under no circumstances," they were told, "will you admit you're from OSS until your interrogator is exhausted." When exhaustion set in, the friendly agent would smile sheepishly and declare, "Me—OSS!"

Between Naples and the final drive on Rome, the spies CIC caught were rather unremarkable. Hired out to the German *Abwehr*, they lacked sufficient enthusiasm or intelligence to carry out the simplest missions. But in early March, 1944, I was called to the Anzio beachhead to investigate one of the most fantastic plots of the war. The Allied forces had landed near the small bathing resort of Anzio against slight opposition, and planned to strike out from there for Rome. But the Germans quickly drew their reserves against the beachhead, determined to drive it back to the sea. They planned a full-scale attack and, at the same time, they dispatched three *Abwehr* saboteurs with a mission behind our lines.

The *Abwehr* had briefed its agents carefully. They were Michel Coppola, Ernesto Cattani and Mario Trefirio. They were to reach the Allied beachhead by rowboat, discover the headquarters of Field Marshal Alexander and Gen. Mark Clark and blow it up. The explosion was timed to take place at the same moment as a massed German assault to drive the Allies from Anzio.

For CIC, there were several lessons in the Anziosaboteurs. First, they made us doubt the sanity of the *Abwehr*, because neither Mark Clark nor Alexander had ever established headquarters on the beachhead. Second, it impressed us with the wisdom of our British colleagues. Signor Coppola, who had lost his right arm serving with the Italian air force, was actually a double agent for the British. He led his fellow saboteurs directly into the hands of CIC, where they were both taken prisoner.

(Continued on Page 167)



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(Continued from Page 165)

Because General Clark's name was linked with the plotters, his G-2 promptly called for a full-dress trial on the beachhead. At that moment, the beachhead was not a pleasant place. The Germans shelled and bombed it repeatedly. While the court sat in session, the enemy staged a bombing raid that lighted up the beach and shook the rafters of the courthouse. The Allied judges, fresh from headquarters in the rear, listened both to the bombs and to the testimony of the accused, ducking their heads and urging speed on the lawyers. The plotters were quickly sentenced to death and the court adjourned. Later, in a calmer rear-line atmosphere, the death sentences were commuted to twenty years' imprisonment.

For CIC and all Allied intelligence, Rome was the chief target. Preparing for our entry, Allied Force Headquarters organized a massive intelligence agency known as the S-Force. It was a fine idea that failed completely. The S-Force was designed as a co-operative venture and, for the first time, all the Allied secret agencies were brought together. There were about 1000 men in all, including the OSS, the British Special Counter Intelligence and Field Security Service, the AMG, Psychological Warfare, Civil Censorship and both

## RUSH HOUR

Broad beams rush in  
And blithely sit  
In seats where narrow  
Fear to fit!  
—ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO.

the Italian and the French intelligence services.

The over-all executive of the S-Force was an American G-2 lieutenant colonel, a man of military bearing and waspish nature, who had little love for CIC and less understanding. He drilled us in proper military bearing, which, he said, came first in warfare, whatever else the job. He told us we would easily mop up the enemy's agents, whom he considered a ragged, undisciplined mob. By the time we reached Rome, we were highly disciplined and thoroughly exhausted.

Our great moment in Rome was finding the apartment of the Baroness Annabella von Hodenburg, the *Abwehr*'s most glamorous spy master, who had trained and sent through the lines some of the best of the enemy's agents. In Annabella's Rome apartment—she had already fled north with the Germans—we found a treasure-trove of *Abwehr* documents. There were reports on the agent we called Alpha-Primo. There were bills, accounts and telephone-number contacts. There were hundreds of photographs. All this material we turned over to S-Force headquarters, where it promptly got either lost or mislaid.

In those first days of liberation, Rome was gay and excited, and its citizens shouted, "Long Live the Allies!" and thumbed their noses at the departed Germans. CIC rounded up so many suspects that they were first interned in the park because there was no room in *Regina Coeli*, Rome's cavernous jail. In Rome, we learned how the enemy conducted its interrogations. In the German torture chamber on Via Tasso we saw the assorted equipment used by the German counterintelligence

in breaking suspects—finger screws, hooks, hammers, wicked-looking knives.

We were impressed and horrified. Until the end of the war, 51h army CIC conducted its interrogations without recourse to physical torture. We were not only revolted by Gestapo methods but we also discovered that psychological methods got better results. Furthermore, our men were quite unfitted for applying torture. Gordon Messing, for example, would never have been able to stand it. A Ph.D. from Harvard, he spoke eight languages and understood twenty. He was an expert interrogator, quick to plumb a suspect's dark lies and come up with the truth. At times, Messing wandered afield, especially when he discovered an agent with a particular Italian accent he'd never heard before. At this discovery, Messing's eyes would glow behind his thick-lensed glasses and he would order the suspect to repeat a phrase over and over again, so he could study the intonations. Although Messing never used violence, this innocent technique sometimes confused the suspect so much that he would admit he was a German agent.

Torture, we discovered, never supplanted intelligent questioning. The Germans, who mastered the fine art of torturing Allied agents, often made the most obvious mistakes in preparing their own. In Rome, for example, they stationed a thin, meek little Italian with a mission as contact man for line-crossing spies. The Italian was ordered to stand in the Piazza Colonna on four prearranged days each month, tossing his ring in the air. The flashing ring was the contact signal.

The little agent, however, was too frightened to carry out his mission. He reported to Rome CIC, who listened to him when he reached the head of the line that daily besieged their office with usually useless information. After that, CIC posted its own man—whatever agent was free that day—to stand in the Piazza Colonna tossing a ring. In the course of several months of intensive ring tossing, eight or ten *Abwehr* agents were captured.

Not all the enemy's spies were so easily taken in and CIC was not always foolproof. In the little town of Montecatini, an Austrian captain named Walter Christomannos was captured by Special Agents Furniss and Warren. Walter's brother, Hans, was already marked as a German spy master, and Walter was immediately suspected of *Abwehr* connections. Under sharp questioning, he admitted that his brother Hans was an *Abwehr* man, but declared that he, Walter, hated the Germans—had deserted from their army and was trying to forget the war.

Furniss and Warren were both impressed and reported that the captain was innocent. "That's preposterous," I told them as I took over the interrogation. I spent hours questioning Walter Christomannos. A small, mouse-colored man, he told me the same sad story he'd told Furniss and Warren, and I also concluded he was innocent. We interned him as a prisoner of war. Later, he escaped, but we were not concerned, since he was clearly not a spy. In Verona, a few months later, Hans Christomannos' mistress was caught. She boasted that Walter was not only a German agent but one of the *Abwehr*'s best radio operators. He'd been in contact with the Germans before and after we caught him.

After Rome, the Allies raced north. Until the enemy reached Bologna and anchored himself once more in the

(Continued on Page 169)



## LUXURY PANELS

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(Continued from Page 167)

mountains, the fighting was fluid and there weren't many spies. In the midst of this drive, in July, 1944, I got one of the most fantastic assignments a G-2 ever unloaded on an unsuspecting CIC operative. We had stopped for a few days in the town of Grosseto with 5th Army headquarters. There Gen. Edwin B. Howard, who had weathered most of the bad moments of CIC as G-2 for 5th Army, went back to the States on leave. He was relieved temporarily by a colonel as acting G-2. Like most G-2's, the new colonel knew little about CIC, though he was a fine chap and good in combat intelligence.

One evening, the colonel's aide called in a frenzy. "The colonel has a mission for you, Spingarn," he said. "You'd better pay close attention."

The aide outlined my mission. The winter before, while the fighting was stalemated at Cassino, no man's land was bright with white flags of truce. The flags were designed to protect the medics and burial parties of both sides, who went between the lines to treat the wounded and bring back the dead. At first both Germans and Allies honored the flags. Then, unfortunately, the Germans began firing at British burial parties. A British brigadier promptly notified the enemy that he would no longer respect the white flags, and he took two German soldiers prisoner who had come into his sector under the sign of truce.

That was in February. By July, when the Allies were closing the Germans north, the brigadier's report finally reached the British High command. The British decided that their brigadier hadn't played cricket with the enemy. He had taken his prisoners before the Germans had time to notify their units. The only proper thing to do, the British declared, was to return the two captured soldiers to the enemy.

The mission of returning these Germans was bucked down from the British to our new G-2 colonel and from the colonel to me. By this time, of course, the front was no longer static. It was so active, in fact, that neither side was stopping to return anything but shellfire. What made my mission downright imbecilic was that G-2, who should have been aware of security, was sending into the enemy lines a CIC man who was loaded with secret information. It was—or should have been—axiomatic that you never expose a CIC agent to capture. And this was just shoving him into the German lines.

My mission, the colonel's aide told me, was that of a *parlementaire*. A *parlementaire*, he said, was an office created by the Geneva convention whereby belligerents could cross into each other's lines to exchange messages. As a *parlementaire*, according to tradition, I was entitled to be accompanied by a trumpeter and a drummer, who would warn the enemy not to shoot. I was also permitted to carry a white flag. The regulations didn't say how big the white flag should be, so I mounted two double-sized bed sheets on a ten-foot pole. I also prepared a letter for Gen. Mark Clark's signature, which would explain to the enemy what I was doing.

The colonel himself was fascinated by my preparations. But before I could leave, General Howard returned from the States and called me in. He examined the message I'd brought for General Clark and he sighed. He mulled it over and kept muttering, "This doesn't make sense to me." Then he bellowed, "Why, for God's sake, Spingarn, the Germans would keep you!"

"Yes, sir," I said. And that, I was grateful, was the end of it.

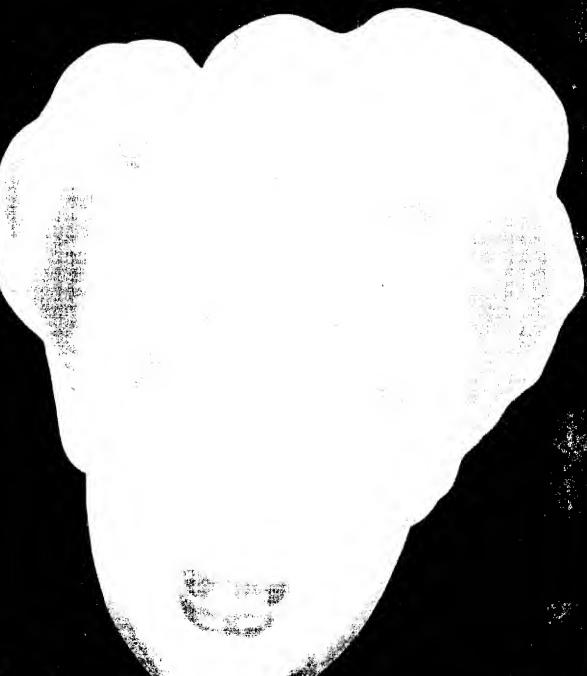
Somehow, out of all the confusion, we still won the war of intelligence. Perhaps it was because the Americans learned fast and, in the end, made fewer mistakes than the Germans and no more than the British. In September, 1944, we captured and broke down Fabio Paginotto and Giuliano Magini, two of the *Abwehr*'s finest agents. They had been sent down as a radio team, and to the British, who made such good use of *Alpha-Punto*, they looked like excellent prospects for double agents.

As in many a spy hunt, the capture of Paginotto and Magini came from the slightest of clues. In San Miniato, a little town near Florence, Special Agent Henry Ingargiola, a former Louisiana state trooper, was making a routine check of Italians who had worked for the Germans. He asked one woman the usual question as to whether she had noted anything suspicious during the German occupation.

There was an incident which had seemed strange to her, she said. In the Hotel Miravalle, she had been talking to a German officer on the day that a theft was reported. The robbers hadn't been discovered. She asked her German friend if it could have been those two whispering men at a near-by table. The German officer, swelling with secret knowledge, smiled like a fox. "No," he

(Continued on Page 171)

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"All right! Which one of you told him we were going for a ride?"

(Continued from Page 169)

told her, "it's not those two. Someday after the war," he added significantly, "I'll tell you why not."

Special Agents Ingargiola and John Burkell, a lawyer from downstate Illinois, followed this meager clue. They learned that the men had left two suitcases in town and made arrangements to pick them up if either one returned. Magini came back for his clothes, and the agents caught him. Under a grueling interrogation, he denied everything. Discouraged and almost ready to give up, the CIC agents came to my headquarters to check our central files. There they found Magini listed as one member of an *Abwehr* radio team whose other member, the radio operator, was identified as Fabio Paginotto. Confronted with these facts, Magini confessed. Through his confession, Ingargiola and Burkell trailed Paginotto back to Rome, 150 miles to the rear. At five o'clock one morning, they broke into Paginotto's apartment and found him in his pajamas.

I talked at length to both spies. Even under interrogation, they spoke sympathetically of Il Duce and the lost cause of Fascism. The British Special Counter Intelligence at that moment was established in Florence and asked me to send them any radio teams we captured. I told them about Magini and Paginotto, but I said I doubted that they would be useful as double agents.

"Don't worry, Spingarn," the British told me. "We've never lost a double agent yet."

For some weeks, Paginotto and Magini sent well-prepared messages to the Germans, preparing for the double-cross that would help the Allies drive into the Po Valley. Then, on Christmas Eve, 1944, I heard the horrible news: Fabio Paginotto had escaped. He had

stolen a Bren gun, a three-quarter-ton British truck and British battle dress. He left behind a piquant note, describing the psychological conflict that had overtaken him. He thanked the British for his food and lodging, but declared: "What I've been doing is against all that's best in me. I'm going back and will never be taken alive!"

The British were desperate. "Is there anything CIC can do?" they asked me.

CIC promptly put out its dragnet, posting all agents on Paginotto's description. One of the agents reported back that he had discovered the British truck at the outskirts of the front line, but that Paginotto had apparently crossed over. Then we had a wonderful stroke of luck. A partisan operative under CIC discovered him just inside the German lines. Paginotto had stopped at a farmhouse and asked if this was German territory. It was, said the farmer's wife. He asked if she might allow him to sleep in her barn for a while. Of course, she said. And then she called for the partisans.

After the case of Fabio Paginotto, the British listened to CIC with more respect. We were invited to lecture their agents on how to capture spies. "In the future," the British commander told me, "we must work more closely together. We have a great deal to learn from each other."

As spy catchers, the Americans at last had come into their own. It was well that we had, for by now the Germans had begun their campaign of mass espionage and there were more spies to handle than the Italians, the French, the British and the Americans had ever seen before.

**Editors' Note**—In his third and final article next week, Spy Catcher Spingarn tells the strange story of the toughest Nazi agent the Americans ever tried to break in Italy—an eighteen-year-old girl, a former professional ice skater.

## UNCLE SAM BREAKS UP A HOME

(Continued from Page 23)

By that time there were 50,000 prisoners in the camp—sick, starving men, rounded up from all over Germany. The food supply was exhausted. It has been estimated that the inmates of Buchenwald were dying at the rate of 5000 a day when American troops finally arrived on April 11, 1945.

"It was the day before Roosevelt's death," Herzfeld recalls. He was lying on the floor of his cell, too weak to move, no longer able to see clearly, but he could hear the excitement. "A Negro soldier picked me up and spoke comfortingly to me."

Herzfeld replied in French, the language of his happy student days at Mulhouse. So he was carried with some Frenchmen to an army hospital. He remained in that American hospital for two weeks, and it was during this fortnight that he made the mistake of being too self-reliant. He could have relaxed and left it to the American Army to look after him. Hundreds of thousands of displaced persons did. But Herzfeld was trying to figure how he could get back on his feet again, and he knew he could get a job as a dye chemist in France. So he permitted himself to be flown to Paris with the first group of French repatriates.

All of these 112 men were very ill—their desperate condition was the basis on which they were selected for repatriation. They were given a tumultuous reception, with great welcoming crowds

and speeches. The excitement was too much for many of them, several of whom died within a few days. The sick men were taken to the Hotel Lutetia, on the Left Bank, well known to American tourists. Then a French physician, Dr. H. Bronstein, kindly invited Herzfeld into his own home and personally took care of him for three months.

While convalescing, Julian tried to find out what had happened to members of his family, and what had happened to Francesca, whom he had last seen two years before in the public square of Zawiercie. Julian located a cousin in Warsaw, and learned from her that every other member of his family was dead. As for Francesca, there was no trace of her whatever.

So Herzfeld found a job in the Paris laboratory of the Luxor Company, specialists in dyeing fine leathers, and there he is still working today. One morning late in 1945 a friend came in excitedly to tell him that a want ad in a Paris newspaper was seeking Julian Herzfeld. The little advertisement carried no name, merely a postal number in Brussels to which Herzfeld responded. Three days later he received a letter from Francesca.

Julian rushed to the Belgian consulate in Paris to get a visa, but this was no easy matter. With millions of homeless people roaming all over Europe, governments were guarding their frontiers, and travel formalities were greatest for refugees without passports. However, Julian finally succeeded in persuading the Belgians to give him a temporary visitor's visa, and he took

(Continued on Page 173)

## UNCLE HENRY TOOK THE HINT

*It all started a week ago.*

"What," asked Uncle Henry, "shall we give them for a wedding present?"

"The Walkers," hinted Aunt Mary, "gave them the most beautiful luggage you ever saw."

"That's an idea," exclaimed Uncle Henry. "We'll give them something they'll remember happily all of their lives -- a honeymoon in Florida!"



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Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address clearly)